# A SATYRE.

# THE PURITAN AND THE PAPIST.

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

# A Satyre.

## THE *PURITAN* AND THE *PAPIST*.

SO two rude *waves*, by ſtormes together throwne,
Roare at each other, fight, and then grow *one*.
*Religion* is a *Circle*; men contend,
And runne the round in diſpute without end.
Now in a *Circle* who goe contrary,
Muſt at the laſt *meet* of neceſſity.
The *Roman* to advance the *Catholicke cauſe*
Allowes a *Lie*, and calls it *Pia Fraus*.
The *Puritan* approves and does the ſame,
Diſlikes nought in it but the *Latin name*.
He ſlowes with theſe deviſes, and dares *ly*
In very *deed*, in *truth*, and *verity*.
He whines, and ſighes out *Lies*, with ſo much ruth,
As if he griev'd, 'cauſe he could ne're ſpeake truth.
*Lies* have poſſeſt the *Preſſe* ſo, as their due,
'Twill ſcarcely, 'I feare, henceforth print *Bibles* true.
*Lies* for their next ſtrong Fort ha'th' *Pulpit* choſe,
There throng out at the *Preachers mouth*, and *noſe*.
And how e're groſſe, are certaine to beguile
The poore *Booke-turners* of the *middle Iſle*.

Nay to th' *Almighty's* ſelfe they have beene bold
To *ly*, and their blaſphemous *Miniſter* told
They might ſay falſe to *God*, for if they were
Beaten, he knew't not, for he was not there.
But *God*, who their great *thankefulneſſe* did ſee,
Rewards them ſtraight with another *Victorie*,
Juſt ſuch another at *Brainceford*; and ſan's doubt
Will *weary* er't be long their *gratitude* out.
Not all the *Legends* of the *Saints* of old,
Not vaſt *Baronius*, nor fly *Surius* hold
Such plenty of apparent *Lies*, as are
In your one *Author*, *Jo. Browne Cleric. Par.*
Beſides what your ſmall *Poets* have ſaid, or writ,
*Brookes*, *Strode*, and the *Baron* of the *Saw-pit*:
With many a *Mentall Reſervation*,
You'le maintaine *Liberty*, *Reſerv'd* [your owne.]
For th' publique good the ſummes rais'd you'le disburſe;
*Reſerv'd*, [The greater part for your owne purſe.]
You'le root the *Cavaliers* out, every man;
Faith, let it be *reſerv'd* here; [*If yee can.*]
You'le make our gracious CHARLES, a *glorious King*;
*Reſerv'd* [in *Heaven*,] for thither ye would bring
His Royall Head; the onely ſecure roome
For *glorious Kings*, whither *you'le* never come.
To keepe the eſtates o'th' Subjects you pretend;
*Reſerv'd* [in your owne *Trunkes*;] you will defend
The *Church* of *England*; 'tis your *Proteſtation*;
But that's *New-England*, by'a ſmall *Reſervation*.
Power of diſpenſing *Oaths* the *Papiſts* claime;
*Caſe* hath got leave o' *God*, to doe the ſame.
For you doe hate all *ſwearing* ſo, that when
You have ſworne an *Oath*, ye *breake it* ſtreight agen.
A Curſe upon you I. which hurts moſt theſe Nations,
*Cavaliers ſwearing*, or your *Proteſtations*?
Nay, though *Oaths* by you be ſo much abhorr'd,
Ye allow *God damne me* in the *Puritan Lord*.
They keepe the *Bible* from *Lay-men*, but ye
Avoid this, for ye have no *Laytie*.

They

They in a forraigne, and unknowne *tongue* pray,
You in an unknowne *ſence* your prayers ſay:
So that this difference 'twixt ye does enſue,
*Fooles* underſtand not *them*, nor *Wiſe men you*.
They an unprofitable zeale have got,
Of invocating *Saints* that heare them not.
'Twere well you did ſo; nought may more be fear'd
In your fond prayers, then that they ſhould be heard.
To them your *Non-ſence* well enough might paſſe,
They'd ne're ſee that i'th' *Divine Looking-glaſſe*:
Nay, whether you'de worſhip *Saints* is not yet knowne,
For ye'have as yet of your *Religion* none.
They by *good-workes* thinke to be *juſtified*,
You into the ſame errour deeper ſlide;
You thinke by *workes* too *juſtified* to be,
And thoſe *ill workes*, *Lies*, *Treaſon*, *Perjurie*.
But oh your *faith* is mighty, that hath beene,
As true *faith* ought to be, of things *unſeene*.
At *Worc'ſter*, *Brainceford*, and *Edge hill*, we ſee,
Onely by *faith* you'have gotten *victory*.
Such is your *faith*, and ſome ſuch *unſeene* way
The *publique faith* at laſt your *debts* will pay.
They hold *free-will* (that nought their ſoules may bind)
As the great *Priviledge* of all *mankind*.
You're here more *moderate*, for 'tis your intent,
To make't a *Priv'ledge* but of *Parliament*.
They forbid *Prieſts* to marry; you worſe doe,
Their *Marriage* you allow, yet puniſh too:
For you'de make *Prieſts* ſo poore, that upon all
Who *marry*, *ſcorne* and *beggery* muſt fall.
They a bold power o're ſacred *Scriptures* take,
Blot out ſome Clauſes, and ſome new ones make.
Your great *Lord Jeſuite Brookes* publiquely ſaid,
(*Brookes* whom too *little learning* hath made *mad*)
That to correct the *Creed* ye ſhould doe well,
And blot out *Chriſts deſcending into Hell*.
Repent wild man, or you'le ne're change, I feare,
The *ſentence* of your *owne deſcending there*.

Yet modeſtly they uſe the *Creed*, for they
Would take the *Lords prayer Root and Branch* away.
And wiſely ſaid a *Levit* of our nation,
The *Lords Prayer* was a *Popiſh Innovation*.
Take heed, you'le grant ere long it ſhould be ſaid,
An't be but to deſire your *daily Bread*.
They keepe the *people ignorant*, and you
Keepe both the *People*, and yourſelves ſo too.
They *blind obedience* and *blind duty* teach;
You *blind Rebellion* and *blind faction* preach.
Nor can I blame you much, that yee advance
That which can onely ſave yee, *Ignorance*;
Though Heaven be prayſed, t'has oft beene proved well
Your *Ignorance* is not *Invincible*.
Nay ſuch bold lies to *God* himſelfe yee vaunt,
As if you'd faine keepe *him* too *ignorant*.
*Limbus* and *Purgatory* they beleive
For leſſer *ſinners*, that is, I conceive,
*Malignants* onely; you this Tricke does pleaſe,
For the ſame Cauſe ye' have made new *Limbuſes*,
Where we may ly impriſon'd long ere we
A *day* of *Judgement* in your Courts ſhall ſee.
But *Pym* can, like the *Pope* with this diſpence;
And for a *Bribe* deliver *Soules* from thence.
Their *Councels* claime *Infallibility*,
Such muſt your *Conventicle-ſynod* be;
And Teachers from all Parts of th' Earth yee call,
To mak't a *Councell Oecumenicall*.
They ſev'rall times appoint from meats t'abſtaine;
You now for th' *Iriſh* warres a *Faſt* ordaine;
And that that Kingdome might be ſure to *faſt*
Yee take a Courſe to *ſterve* them all at laſt.
Nay though yee keepe no *Eves*, *Fridayes*, nor *Lent*,
Not to dreſſe meate on *Sundayes* you're Content;
Then you repeat, repeat, and pray, and pray;
Your *Teeth* keepe *Sabboth*, and *Tongues working day*.
They preſerve *Reliques*; you have few or none,
Unleſſe the *Clout* ſent to *John Pym* be one.

And

And *Hollises* rich *Widow*, Shee who carryed
A *Relique* in her *wombe* before she married.
They in succeeding *Peter* take a Pride;
So doe you; for your Master ye'have denyed.
But cheifely *Peters Priviledge* yee choose,
At your own wills to *bind* and to *unloose*.
He was a *Fisherman*; you may be so too,
When nothing but your *ships* are left to you.
He went to *Rome*, to *Rome* you *Backward ride*,
(Though both your goings are by some denyed.)
Nor i'st a Contradiction, if we say,
You goe to *Rome* the *quite Contrary way*;
He dy'd o'the *Crosse*; that death's unusuall now;
The *Gallowes* is most like't, and that's for you.
They musicke love i'th *Church*; it offends your sence,
And therefore yee have *sung* it out from thence,
Which shewes, if right your mind be understood,
You hate it not as *Musicke*, but as *Good*.
Your madnesse makes you *sing*, as much as they
*Dance*, who are bit with a *Tarantula*.
But do not to your selves (alas) appeare
The most *Religious Traitors* that ere were,
Because your Troopes *singing* of *Psalmes* do goe;
Ther's many a Traytor has marcht *Holbourn* so.
Nor was't your wit this holy project bore;
*Tweed* and the *Tyne* has seene those Trickes before.
They of strange *Miracles* and wonders tell,
You are your selves a kind of *Miracle*;
Even such a miracle as in writ divine
We read o'th *Devills* hurrying downe the *Swine*.
They have made *Images* to *speake*, 'tis said,
You a dull *Image* have your *Speaker* made;
And that your bounty in *offerings* might abound,
Y'have to that *Idoll* giv'n six thousand pound.
They *drive out* Devills, they say; here yee begin
To differ, I confesse; yee *let them in*.
They maintaine *Transubstantiation*;
You by a *Contrary Philosophers* stone,

To

To *Transubſtantiate* Mettalls, have the skill;
And turne the Kingdomes *Gold* to *I'ron* and *Steele*.
I'th' *Sacrament* yee agree not, but 'tis noted,
*Bread* muſt be *Fleſh*, *Wine Blood*, if ere't be *voted*.
They make the *Pope* their *Head*, you exalt for him
*Primate* and *Metropolitane*, Maſter *Pym*;
Nay, *White*, who ſits in the *Infallible Chaire*,
And moſt *Infallibly* ſpeakes *Non-ſence* there:
Nay *Cromwell*, *Pury*, *Whiſtler*, Sir *John Wray*,
He who does ſay, and ſay, and ſay, and ſay.
Nay *Lowry*, who does new *Church-Gover'ment* wiſh,
And *Propheſies*, like *Jonas*, midſt the *Fiſh*.
Who can ſuch various buſineſſe wiſely ſway,
And handle *Herrings*, and *Biſhops* in one day.
Nay all your *Preachers*, Women, Boyes, or Men,
From *Maſter Calamy*, to *Miſtreſſe Ven*,
Are perfect *Popes* in their owne *Pariſh* growne;
For to outdoe the ſtory of *Pope Jone*:
Your *Women* preach too, and are like to bee
The *Whores* of *Babylon*, as much as *Shee*.
They *depoſe Kings* by force; by force you'de doe it,
But firſt uſe faire meanes to *perſwade* them to it.
They dare *kill Kings*; now 'twixt ye here's the ſtriſe,
That you dare *ſhoot* at *Kings*, to *ſave* their *life*.
And what's the difference, 'pray, whether he fall
By the *Popes Bull* or your *Oxe Generall*?
*Three Kingdomes* thus ye ſtrive to make your owne;
And, like the *Pope*, uſurpe a *Triple Crowne*.
Such is your *Faith*, ſuch your *Religion*;
Let's view your *manners* now, and then I ha'done.
Your *Covetouſneſſe* let gaſping *Ireland* tell,
Where firſt the *Iriſh Lands*, and next ye *ſell*
The *Engliſh Blood*; and raiſe *Rebellion* here,
With that which ſhould ſuppreſſe, and quench it there.
What mighty ſummes have ye ſqueez'd out o'th' *City*?
Enough to make 'em *poore*, and *ſomething witty*.
*Exciſe*, *Loanes*, *Contributions*, *Pole-moneys*,
*Bribes*, *Plunder*, and ſuch *Parliament Priviledges*,

Are

Are words which you'le ne're learne in holy Writ,
'Till the *Spirit* and your *Synod* ha's mended it.
Where's all the *Twentieth* part now, which hath beene
Paid you by ſome, to forfeit the *Nineteene*?
Where's all the *Goods diſtrain'd*, and *Plunders* paſt?
For you're growne wretched, *pilfering* knaves at laſt;
Deſcend to *Braſſe* and *Pewter*; till of late,
Like *Midas*, all ye *touch't*, muſt needs be *Plate*.
By what vaſt hopes is your *Ambition* fed?
'Tis writ in *bloud*, and may be plainly read.
You muſt have *Places*, and the Kingdome ſway;
The *King* muſt be a *Ward* to your *Lord Say*.
Your innocent *Speaker* to the *Rolles* muſt riſe,
Six thouſand pound hath made him *proud* and *wiſe*.
*Kimbolton* for his Fathers place doth call;
Would be *like* him; would he were, *face* and all.
*Iſaack* would alwayes be *Lord Mayor*, and ſo
May alwayes be, as much as he is now.
For the *Five Members*, they ſo richly thrive,
They'le but continue alwayes *Members Five*.
Onely *Pym* doth his *naturall right* enforce,
By the *Mothers* ſide he's *Maſter* of the *Horſe*.
Moſt ſhall have *Places* by theſe popular tricks,
The reſt muſt be content with *Biſhoprieks*.
For 'tis 'gainſt *Superſtition* your intent,
Firſt to root out that *great Church Ornament*,
*Money* and *Lands*; your ſwords, alas, are drawne,
Againſt the *Biſhop*, not his *Cap*, or *Lawne*.
O let not ſuch loud *Sacriledge* begin,
Tempted by *Henries* rich ſucceſſefull ſinne.
*Henry* the *Monſter* King of all that age;
Wilde in his *Luſt*, and wilder in his *Rage*.
Expect not you his Fate, though *Hotham* thrives
In imitating *Henries* tricke for *Wives*,
Nor fewer *Churches* hopes then *Wives* to ſee
*Buried*, and then their *Lands* his owne to bee.

Ye boundlesse *Tyrants*, how doe you outvy
Th' *Athenian Thirty*, *Romes Decemvirs*?
In Rage, Injustice, Crueltie as farre
Above those men, as you in *number* are.
What *Mysteries* of *Iniquity* doe we see?
New *Prisons* made to defend *Libertie*;
Where without cause, some are undone, some dy,
Like men *bewitcht*, they know not *how*, nor *why*.
Our *Goods fors'd* from us for *Propriety's* sake;
And all the *Reall Non-sence* which ye make.
*Ship-money* was unjustly tane, ye say;
Unjustlier farre you take the *Ships* away.
The *High-Commission* you calld Tyrannic,
Ye did; Good God! what is the *High-Committee*?
Ye said that *gifts* and *bribes Preferments* bought,
By *Money* and *Blood* too, they now are sought.
To the *Kings will* the *Lawes* men strove to draw;
The *Subjects will* is now become the *Law*.
'Twas fear'd a *New Religion* would begin;
*All new Religions* now are entred in.
The King *Delinquents* to protect did strive;
What Clubs, Pikes, Halberts, Lighters, sav'd the Five?
You thinke the *Parliament*, like *your State* of *Grace*,
What ever sinnes men doe, they keepe their place.
*Invasions* then were fear'd against the *State*,
And *Strode* swore that last yeare would be *Eighty-Eight*.
You bring in Forraine aid to your designes;
First those great *Forraine Forces* of *Diuines*,
With which Ships from *America* were brought;
Rather may *stinking Tobacco* still be brought
From thence, I say; next ye the *Sects* invite,
Which ye terme *Brotherly Assistants* right:
For with them you intend *England* to shore
They, who, alas, but *younger Brothers* are,
Must have the *Monies* for their *Pension*;
The *Houses* and the *Lands* will be your *owne*.

We thanke ye for the *wounds* which we endure,
Whil'ſt *ſcratches* and ſlight pricks ye ſeeke to *cure*.
We thanke ye for *true reall ſoares* at laſt,
Which free us from ſo many *falſe ones* paſt:
We thanke ye for the *Blood* which *fats* our *Coaſt*,
(That fatall debt paid to great *Straffords* Ghoſt.)
We thanke ye for the ills receiv'd, and all
Which by your *diligence* in good time we ſhall.
We thanke ye, and our *gratitude's* as great
As *yours*, when you thank'd *God* for being *beat*.

A·C.

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FINIS.

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